

FUN

SECTION OF
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WHEN IT'S ORANGE BLOSSOM TIME IN JUNGLE LAND.

His Happiest Moment.

A BACHELOR of considerable wealth was much sought after by many of the most charming young women of the town. A very pretty maiden was sure she had brought him almost to the point of a proposal.

"What was the happiest moment of your life?" she asked, while they were taking a stroll one evening.

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the bachelor, with a reminiscent smile, "was when the jeweler took back an engagement ring and gave me some cuff links in exchange."

A Poor Job

"I am inclined to think," said a man, "that our friend, Mr. Grafton Grabb, was created on the Sabbath."

"For what reason?"

"We are told that an honest man is the noblest work of the Creator, and also that on the seventh day the Creator rested."

More Sensible

"LOOK out for counterfeit two-dollar bills," said the butcher. "What's the use?" replied the grocer, who was trying to do a cash business. "I would rather see a few genuine ones."

Obvious.

"HOW do you know that nice young man we met last night was a bachelor?"

"Why, he was telling us all evening how to bring up children."



"Coney Island isn't what it was."
"Oh, I don't know. I think it's more so than it used to be."

Why the Bills Come In.

THE man whose wife and three daughters always dressed in the newest style was settling the usual monthly bills.

"History may repeat itself," he observed, with something like a weary lift to his eyebrows, but Fashion never does."

The Cause.

"HOW hoarse you are this morning."

"Yes, my husband got home very late last night."

Hindered.

"Woman is making giant strides forward these days."

"I don't see how she does it."

On Its Way.

"Can she keep a secret?"
"She can keep it going."

Like One of the Family.

MARY, the domestic servant employed in a suburban household, the members whereof are not on the most amicable of terms, recently tendered her resignation, much to the distress of the lady of the house.

"So you are going to leave us?" asked the mistress, sadly. "What's the matter, Mary? Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mary; "indeed you have, and I've stood it as long as I'm going to."

Sensible.

"WILL you have the pastry or ice cream?" he inquired solicitously.

"Both, please," she said demurely.

The New Cook

"I hear that you have a college graduate for a cook. Isn't that rather expensive?"

"Not very. She works for her board and clothes."

"Why, how does she come to do that?"

"She's my wife."



"Jack wants me to teach him some new steps."

"Don't do it. He does quite enough damage with the steps he knows now."



"Oh, yes, I forgot one thing: You may send me a quart of split peas, and be sure they're fresh."

A Friend in Need.

"IT is all over between Van Snyder and Miss Pitt. An hour before the wedding was to have taken place the sheriff came and escorted him off to jail."

"What was the charge?"

"Not a cent. Van and the sheriff are old friends."

Might Need It.

BARBER—I suppose you wish I wouldn't give you so much of my chin, don't you?

CUSTOMER—Never mind! I may need some of it to patch up with before you get through.

Mary's Dot.

"WHY, my dear, what is the house all torn up for? You're not going to move, are you?"

"Oh, no, indeed! Our Mary was married last week, and she just took away the things she thought belonged to her."

The Right Way.

EDITOR—The only way to succeed in the newspaper business is to give the people what they want.

FRIEND—Have you got a ten-dollar bill you can let me have?

The Announcement.

"I've asked you three times to marry me and you've refused—do you think that's fair?"

"Yes—to the man I'm engaged to."

A Wonder.

"BJORNSSON is an inventive genius."

"What has he done?"

"Went home late every night for a month with a different story each time."

A Head.

"Jones has an infallible rule for getting ahead."

"What is it?"

"Champagne and beer."

Lucky Fisherman

"Hello, Dobson! Any luck yesterday when you were fishing?"

"Great! I was away when six bill collectors called."

Between Love and Duty.

"I want to talk to you about becoming your son-in-law," said the young man.

"I can't advise you on the subject of becoming a member of the family," replied the father of the young woman in the case. "As your sincere friend, I ought to speak freely, but as a husband and father I am restrained."



Col. Sayback—You can't tell me you're English, young fellow. Why, you don't even drop your N's.

Mr. Tewksbury-Podd—No, me waiet at tends to that for me.

Well Kept.

"I wonder how it is that Goodfellow keeps his friends so long?"

"He doesn't wear them out."

Just Awful.

"Don't you think a girl should marry an economical man?"

"I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one."

Literally.

"Suppose I give you some camel's hair underwear for your birthday?"

"I'd be tickled to death."

FUN



Sunday, June 7.

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NOTE—Manuscripts and illustrations are submitted at the owner's risk. Contributors to FUN who desire the return of rejected manuscripts and illustrations must in all cases inclose sufficient stamps for that purpose.

Her Birthday Present.

AN attractive little girl at a party was being questioned about a fine doll she had just received for her birthday. The mother was beaming with delight at the attention her daughter was receiving, when the little girl said: "Why, do you know, the hair on my doll's head comes off just like mamma's."

Not Julie—Yet.

She was very literary and he was not. He had spent a harrowing evening discussing authors of whom he knew nothing, and their books of which he knew less.

Presently the maiden asked, archly:

"Of course you've read 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

He floundered helplessly for a moment and then, having a brilliant thought, blurted out, happily:

"I've read 'Romeo'!"

A Give-Away.

"I'M beginning to have doubts about my husband's abstinence."

"Why so?"

"He's never comfortable unless he's in a reclining position with his left leg slightly raised."



Baseball Chatter—"Plenty of speed, but no control."

Betwixt and Between.

"HOW I dislike the word 'economy'!"

"On what grounds?"

"It is such a queer thing. The world condemns us if we don't practice it, and despises us if we do."

Tight.

"Old Richleigh is a distant relative of yours, isn't he?"

"Distant? He's the closest relative I've got."

Cutting.

"CONGRATULATE me, old chap.

I'm going to marry money."

"What! A perfect stranger?"



PROPRIETOR—Oh, we do all our ironing by electricity.

CUSTOMER—I thought as much. Those shirts look as if they'd been struck by lightning.

Recompense.

THE Nomad chieftan gloomily contemplated the dreary Syrian landscape.

The wedding guests were long departed. He had but a moment since beheld his bride of a few hours remove her teeth and put them in a cup of water to soak.

"Dismiss from thy heart, good my lord," the damsel murmured, "thy vain regrets."

Upon the word the pious Moslem extended his clasped hands toward the heavens.

"Allah be praised!" he cried. "If I mistake not, her old man must ere this have discovered that the horse I gave him in exchange for his daughter is balky."

Tears of joy welled unheeded from his eyes as he gave thanks.

A Culinary Puzzle.

In our dainty little kitchen,
Where my aproned wife is
queen

Over all the tin-pan people,
In a realm unending clean,
Oft I like to loiter, watching
While she mixes things for tea;
And she tasks me, alyth amiling,
"Now just guess what this will be!"

Hidden in a big blue apron,
Her dimpled arms laid bare,
And the love-aniles coyly mingling
With a housewife's frown of care—
See her beat a golden butter,
Pausing but to ask of me,
As she adds a piece of butter,
"Now just guess what this will be!"

Then I bravely do my duty,
Guess it, "padding," "cake" or
"pie,"
"Dumplings," "waffles," "bread" or
"muffins."

But, no matter what I try,
This provoking witch just answers:
"Never mind, just wait and see!"
But I think you should be able,
Dear, to guess what this will be."

Little fraud! she never tells me
"Until 'tis baked and browned—
And I think I know the reason
For her secrecy profound—
She herself, with all her fire air
And her books on cookery,
Could not answer, should I ask her,
"Donrest, what still that mess be!"
—ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

A Cheerful Outlook.

MR. NEWLYWED and his wife
were climbing one of the
highest peaks in the Adirondacks,
and she stood, some twenty feet
above him, gazing in admiration at
the wonderful view.

"What," he gasped—"what do you
see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see
a long white streak, stretching like
a paper ribbon back almost to our
hotel."

"Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "It's that
hotel bill overlooking us."

A Prophet.

"THIS infant may some day make
himself heard in the world,"
said the clergyman about to christen
a baby boy.

And the next moment when the
youngster felt the cold water the
good clergyman's words came true.



THE Golf Girl is always up to "form."
When matrimony is one of the hazards
of the game, she "aims for the (long) green"
with her brassie.

A "dormy three-down match" is no match
for the match she is liable to make at a
single lucky stroke.

And this is no "bad tee."

A Rich Man's View.

"WHAT a lovely sunset!"
"It ought to be. We're paying
enough for it!"

Cruel.

"MY, but getting married is an awful
trial, isn't it?" said the young lady
busily engaged with her trousseau.

"Yes, but nowhere near as severe as the
sentence the lucky fellow gets," said the cyni-
cal bachelor.

Sure Enough.

"WELL, honey, our honeymoon's over."
"Why, dear, do you say that?"

"Well, I've just balanced up my checkbook
and it's tipping over backward."

The Reason.

"YOUR wife going abroad again this
year?"

"No, she heard some one say travel broad-
ened one."

Easy.

Mrs. Brown—"Does
the new baby require
much care?"

Mrs. Smith—"No, he
sleeps all day and his
father walks the floor
with him all night."

Never.

"D OES your tailor
ever send in his
bill?"

"Not now. It is so
big he couldn't get it
in without taking half
the side out of the
house."

Certainly.

"I understand that
that young man who
takes you to church
never enters."

"That is not true,
Ma; he always goes in
when it rains."

Where Practice Makes Perfect.

"Where does Clubbly get his talent as a story-teller?"
"Probably from practising on his wife."



"Sorry, Miss, but this car doesn't go to the Grand Central Station."
"Oh, couldn't you take it there for my sake. I'll miss my train if
you don't."

The Scorcher's Farewell to His Wheel.

MY motor-bike! my motor-bike! I could not live a day and know that
that standstill meekly by. I shall scorch no more.

With thy engine slick and throbbing
and motor geared so high,
Fret not to roam the country now
with all thy wondrous speed;
I may not mount on thee again—
thou'rt sold, my silent steed.
The stranger hath the bill of sale
that takes thee from my porch.
I have his gold, and ne'er again shall
I upon thee scorch.
I ne'er shall scorch again! Away!
The fevered dream is o'er.
I could not live a day and know that
that standstill meekly by. I shall scorch no more.
I shall scorch no more, my motor-bike!
for hunger's power is strong.
They tempted me, my motor-bike!
but I have wheeled too long
Who said that I have given thee up?
Who said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false! 'tis false, my motor-bike!
I fling them back their word!
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back!
Now purr for all your worth.
Away! Who overtakes us now must
chase us round the earth!

Ciderside Notes.

By Isaac Anderson

(FAN'S Special Correspondent.)
CIDERSIDE, June 5.—The J. Ogden
Atwoods gave a reception
and dance last Wednesday evening in
honor of the appearance of the first
radish in their model garden.

Walt Tuttle took a trip to the city
last week, and rumor has it that he
got measured for a suit of tailor-
made clothes. Don't forget to invite
us to the wedding, Walt.

Sid Trimble is nursing a badly
sunburned nose as a result of being
too tired to move when the after-
noon sun got around to where he
was sitting one day last week.

Hen Thompson has just received
a consignment of antique furniture
from Grand Rapids. Hen says his
summer boarders are always looking
for chances to buy family heirlooms,
and he hates to disappoint them.

It used to be generally conceded
that Rich Osgood was the swiftest
dresser in these environs, but that
was before young Sam Barlow came
home from college.

Re-Pair?

SHE was a Reno peach, "My
dear."
I asked, "Whatever brings you
here?"

The lady answered in despair,
"I've come out this way to re-
pair."

The Solution.

IT was on a street car.
"Look here," said the in-
spector, "there are twelve people
on the car and you've only got
eleven fares rung up."

The conductor thought a mo-
ment, then he stepped inside the
car and addressing the pas-
sengers, said, "One of you will
have to get off."

Pretty Bad.

"I saw Jones trying to get
home from his club last night
and he had his hands full."
"Heavens! Even this hands?"

The Trouble With the Star.

THE theatrical manager leaned warily
against the desk in the office of the bo-
tel.

"Well, how goes it?" said the clerk.
The manager shrugged his shoulders with-
out replying.
"Good business?"

The manager evaded the question. "I'm
afraid we may have to close before the sea-
son's over. My star's sick. When she comes
to the theatre at night she's hardly able to
get through her work. She says she can't
act any longer."

Just then the telephone bell rang.
The clerk turned to answer it. After listen-
ing for a moment he said: "Wait till I get
a pencil. I've got to write that down."

As he wrote he repeated: "Mock turtle
soup, soft shell crabs, porthouse steak, half
a chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, string
beans, tomato salad, ice cream, strawberries
and coffee. Whew!" Then he shouted into
the phone: "How many is that dinner for?
One? Whow!"

Then he turned to the manager. "That's
your 'star's' dinner," he said quietly.

The Finishing Touch

"SAY, Judge, will ye fine us?"

Buddy Splitter, Justice of
the Peace, tourist public and alder
in a cheater of a law wedlock in
Connubial Corners, was sighing be-
cause the hotel porters had thus far
that day failed to round up a \$2
brace of matrimonially inclined
lovers at the trains, when the door
of his office opened and the red
face of Hank Bitter, the local hack-
man, was thrust in.

"Say, Judge, will ye fine us?" he
repeated.

"Did I ever refuse a drink, Hank?"

Justice Splitter said reproachfully, as
he heaped to his feet.

"I don't mean a drink, Judge,"
flattered Hank; "I mean, will ye fine
Bridget an' me?"

As he spoke he shot into the room
as if shoved from behind, and a tall,
rawboned woman of forty ap-
peared in the door and bowed to the
Justice. She was six inches taller
than Hank and her hair was ag-
gressively red.

"Wal, I'll be jiggered! Goin' to
get hitched, air ye?" cried the as-
tonished Justice.

"Yep," assented Hank.

"We be," nodded Bridget.

"Yes, we been keepin' company a
long time an' concluded to have ye
fine us," continued Hank.



"The idea of your saying we would do this thing!
Why, the boat won't even be in yet."
"No, and it won't be until to-morrow morning. To-
day's last boat is gone."

is of steel. Lever action.
 at you nothing to own it. Write
 them at 100 each, giving a silver aluminum
 BY YOU, and take back all you cannot dispose of."

HEREWITH is given the solution to cross-word puzzle No. 22, given in last week's FUN. The diagram shows how the letters should be arranged to fit the list of clues and definitions given.

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